

EASTER.

Once more thou comest, O delicious Spring!
 And as thy light and gentle foot-steps heard
 Among earth's glories, desolate and dead,
 Breathest revival over everything.
 Thy genial spirit is abroad to bring
 The cold and faded into life and bloom;
 Emblem of that which shall unlock the tomb,
 And take away the fell destroyer's sting.
 Therefore thou hast the warmer welcoming;
 For Nature speaks not of herself alone,
 But in her resurrection tells our own,
 As from its grave comes forth the buried grain,
 So man's frail body, in corruption sown,
 In incorruption shall be raised again.

William Croswell.

RELIGION.

"What is religion? Speak the truth in love,
 Reject no good; mend, if thou canst, thy lot.
 Doubting, enquire,—nor dictate till you prove.
 Enjoy thine own—exceed not, trespass not.
 Pity the scorers of earth's meanest thing.
 If wronged, forgive—that hate may lose his sting.
 Think, speak, work, get; bestow, or wisely keep.
 So live, that thou may'st smile and no one weep.
 Be blessed—like birds that sing because they love.
 And bless—like rivers singing to the sun,
 Giving and taking blessings, as they run;
 Or soft voiced showers, that cool the answering grove
 When cloudy wings are seen in heaven displayed,
 And blessings brighten o'er the freshened sod,
 Till earth is like the countenance of God.
 This is Religion! saith the Bard of Trade.

Ebenezer Elliott.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Whatever you have to say, my friend,
 Whether witty or grave or gay,
 Condense as much as ever you can,
 And say in the readiest way;
 And whether you write on rural affairs
 Or particular things in town,
 Just a word of friendly advice—
 Boil your MS. down.

For if you go spluttering over a page
 When a couple of lines would do,
 Your butter is spread so much, you see,
 That the bread shows plainly through.
 So when you have a story to tell,
 And would like a little renown,
 To make quite sure of your wish, my friend,
 Boil your MS. down.

New York World.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Cleanliness is said to be next to Godliness, and certainly it holds the first and most important place in our domestic economy. It may be thought that there is no necessity for discussing this subject with the better classes; their houses are models of neatness and good order. Spring and fall cleanings, weekly sweepings and scrubbing, and daily dusting and tidying leave little to be wished for. But how about the air which we breathe in some of these clean, tidy households? Is it too pure and fresh, or do we meet with the mingled aromas from the many varied and delicious dinners and dishes which have been served up during the past winter months? And when we are invited to an afternoon kettle-drum, or an evening reception; what then? Why how exquisite the china! how dainty the dishes! how fair and spotless the table napery! how bright and sparkling the crystal and silver-ware! Is anybody ever offered a dirty cup, or a glass that has been used before? What a question! How absurd! But what sort of air does our fair hostess force down our unwilling throats? If we are offered a dirty cup or glass we might refuse it, or set it quietly aside; but not so the air which we breathe—so long as we remain that must be inhaled. We know that we are taking in the mingled breaths of all those in the room—we may feel assured that carbonic-acid is more plentiful than pleasant, but what can we do? Nothing; we may not

like to breathe that dirty air that is being thrown off from the people's lungs, but so long as we remain we must bear it. One day last week we were tempted to enter St. James Street Church just to see how the revival was getting on, or rather to see how people 'get on' at a revival. The church was well filled, but we found seats and for some time we did not notice that the air was oppressive; but presently the sick, dizzy feeling,—which always warns us of the presence of carbonic-acid gas,—began to steal over us. We were interested in the service and would willingly have remained, but some not very clean looking men entered and took places just behind us and not very far from the great, hot stoves; and soon the unmistakable smell of old perspiration became unbearable; tales of little boys who were converted, at four years and under, were pleasant to our ears, but the smell of unwashed humanity was too much for our noses; and we merely waited to hear the end of a thrilling tale of a worm which an Indian had placed inside a circle of fire. The worm finding it impossible to get out had just coiled itself up in the centre to die, and knowing that "Lo" is not noted for his tenderness of heart, we did not like to trust the poor worm to his tender mercies; so we remained until the gentleman with graceful gestures depicted the manner in which the Indian rescued the roasting worm, lifting it from within the burning ring with his bare fingers in a way that made us shudder. Then we remembered having heard the story before, but so long ago that we had quite forgotten the denouement. Having heard it we hurried from the church, feeling almost overpowered by the close heated atmosphere. As we drove home a lady remarked, "I wonder how many of those children will dig up worms next summer and put them inside a burning ring just to see how they will act?" We asked why she supposed they would be likely to do so; and she replied: "We had that story told in our Sunday School some years ago, and hearing a very noisy demonstration in the back garden next day, I looked out to see what the children were up to. Seeing them standing in a circle from which smoke and flame was ascending I became alarmed and ran out. The children were too much occupied to notice my approach and looking over their shoulders I found that they had made a ring of chips and twigs, just as they had heard it described, and inside this burning ring they had placed two good sized worms, which they were watching gleefully. The poor worms were almost roasted, but when I expostulated with the children on their cruelty they assured me that they had intended to remove them whenever they curled up in the centre; just as the Indian had done. The poor worms did not seem at all inclined to take their fates so philosophically, and, I fear, they would not have escaped alive had I not come to the rescue. It is rather a dangerous game, too, for one of my little girls had her skirts catch fire and the consequences might have been more serious had the children been alone."

We must acknowledge that the cremation of worms does not properly belong to the domestic department, but lest any of our juvenile converts should indulge in the experiment of the pious Indian, it may be just as well that their parents should be warned. Our readers must remember that we have no desire to throw cold water upon the revival meetings or anything connected with them except the fires which may be kindled round the worms next summer. But pure air is the first consideration in domestic economy, since we might live for two or three days without either water or food, but we could not live as many minutes without air. Most people nowadays know, but few seem to remember, that the breath which comes out of our mouths is a deadly poison—carbonic-acid gas—and if we allow ourselves to be wedged in among hundreds of others in over-heated and ill-ventilated buildings we must expect not only to breathe over again our own breath, but also a mixture of that which is being exhaled by all the other lungs, sound or otherwise, in our vicinity. And it is not only the breath which tends to pollute the air of crowded places,—unfortunately there are other exhalations or emanations—those from the skin—which are, if possible, more disgusting to think of receiving into our mouths and noses and lungs. Even in assemblages of the better classes we are sometimes notified through our noses that proper attention to personal purification of bodies and clothing is not always given; what then must we expect in crowded assemblies of all classes. Whatever we may expect if our olfactory senses are in good condition we shall certainly soon become aware of the proximity of the great unwashed. In this cold climate where the houses of the lower classes are crowded and comfortless, where fuel is expensive and even water, alas! often scarce, we can hardly expect the poorer people to indulge in many or extensive ablutions. Indeed we cannot help thinking that if some of the money expended on churches and revivals were given towards the maintenance of public baths for the poor, it would perhaps be as well pleasing in the sight of heaven. Godliness may rank before cleanliness, but without cleanliness we fear there can be little Godliness. A pure soul must dwell in a pure body. We may pride ourselves on the perfect sanitary arrangements of our own homes, we may care for our little ones tenderly and guard them carefully; but let us not forget that every unwashed half-starved child in the city is a source of danger to our own dear ones.

HAPPINESS is a shy nymph, and if you chase her you will never catch her. But just go quietly on and do your duty, and she will come to you.